





the house looks small in front, but they have several large rooms at the back, each of which contains fifteen or twenty beds, and is fitted up to resemble a barrack room. The recruits were of all classes, all trades, and from every part of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and from places in the north of England, and had never been in London before. None that I conversed with acknowledged that the pure love of being a soldier had actuated them to enlist. It was in every case destitution. I met with the same answer when I questioned those in barracks. Not one in twenty ever enlisted for any other reason than that they were hungry, and they see nothing but starvation staring them in the face.

The next morning after enlistment I went before the adjutant. I don't know his name, as his signature could not be made out, except by the initiated. The morning after I went before the colonel, and the next morning I was sent to Cannontown. I must not forget going on the Friday morning before the adjutant at Westminster Palace. The magistrate signed his name; certainly, saying that so and so had sworn "before me," but I never saw him. His clerk did it all. One recruit with me was telling the sergeant who accompanied us to the police-office that he would get on well in the cavalry (the corps he had joined), as he had served in a similar capacity in the late war of America.

Sergeant Blue, of the Dragon Guards, eyed him with contempt. "America, eh? What sort of animals had they over there?" The recruit said, "Very good," and then a pause. He added, "Not perhaps so good as yours—the fact was, we had mules." "Mules! oh, crickey, shouldn't I have liked to have seen 'em charge! Why, the dragons would double them up, and they'd be dead!"

Sergeant Blue was particularly tickled at the idea of mules making "a charge," and roared with laughter.

I got very tired of Charles-street before Saturday morning. Fourteenpence-halfpenny a day was not much—scarcely enough to buy food with. I had only been three days, and how much more wearied, muddled, and sore than I have been in my other three weeks! Some of them actually had been that time, and they complained of it, and justly too. All, however, were in good spirits and anticipating good things in their regiments with a simplicity I have often laughed at since. Another thing I got tired of was the endless "going before" this person and that. I had not done yet, though. On the Saturday morning we were awake at seven o'clock. There were seven of us in all, three for Cannontown, and the remainder for Ireland. We stayed just over London Bridge in a coffee-house for breakfast, and during that time the sergeant had an animated argument with the Coffee-house-keeper about the Jamaica affair. Sergeant Merry maintained that Governor Byng was an angel, and that the Jamaica Planets were all wrong in supposing that Gordon was murdered.

"I tell you what," continued the sergeant, "there are a lot of people who are never so happy as when crying down the English and applauding everything un-English, and the Morning Planet is their mouth-piece." The Coffeehouse-keeper as stoutly defended the other side, and praised John Bright, and cursed everybody who disagreed with the honourable member for Birmingham. Sergeant Merry got quite tired of all this, and gave up the argument as to get up from his coffee and nearly approach his antagonist, putting an extra stress upon every word by a loud thump on the table.

The time for starting arrived very quickly, and all the way to the station the sergeant anatomised those who criticised Governor Eyre, and said he knew what the blacks were.

A soldier can always travel second-class with a third-class fare, and so we all got comfortably seated on leather. The sergeant, in going down the line, explained the several places. "That's Campwell—three miles from here; this is Drillwell; and this is Cannontown. I have told a person to come for you."

As we got out, we were met by a little lance-corporal, who conducted us to the barracks. On getting into the gate, a big fat woman shouted out, "Hallo, three more 'quids!" She alluded to our each getting one sovereign as bounty-money, and was, perhaps, expressing the delight she would feel at assisting us to spend it. A lot of men, each looking very dirty, were standing on the steps of the new door, and each carrying with boxes in their hands, two and two together, and they each dropped their boxes and inspected us from head to foot, at the same time making remarks on our personal appearance. These men were on what is called "coal fatigue," which I got a practical knowledge of on the succeeding Saturday. A little way up the passage the corporal ordered us to the new door, and then he spoke to a soldier-like man as to where we should be put. We were then passed on to another pair of stairs, and saw the colour-sergeant of our company, who again passed us into Sergeant Brownlow's hands, who took us into a room, and announced, in a very high voice, as "Here's another, Slatie!" then, turning to me, he said, "This will be your bed." The corporal addressed the Slatie as being a brushy some boddy, and "Smoking at a short pipe. He appeared rather shy, but suddenly, as if recollecting something, said, "Oh! you'll want your belts cleaning, and I'll do them for you—I have done a good many recruits."

I replied that I should be happy to give him the job, if he wanted it.

Oh yes, he wanted it, for old soldiers to clean recruits' belts. When they come out of stores they're very dirty."

A young man was in the room acting as "orderly man," and he appeared very busy. Getting up a form, he brushed away and ssssshh! just like an ostler; he also managed to keep a respectable distance from the leg of the form exactly as an ostler would from the hind leg of a horse. The barracks consisted of eight beds; over the beds were innumerable straps, belts, pouches, &c., and higher above a shelf run around where you can place coats, &c. just above the bed a knapsack is placed with a top-coat, mess tin, and shako. The whole place—so much leather!—looks like a stable, although, of course, much more comfortable; a table and four forms, scrupulously clean, occupy the centre of the room. Sergeant Brownlow came in after a short time and asked me questions about the corporal and sergeant. I told him Shane had enlisted me.

"Ah! Shane, he's getting on well—pretty well; but nothing like me. You're

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered.

"Look at the orderly officer when he said, 'Any complaints?' The officer said, 'very severely, 'Look to your front, sir!' Very exact that. On the Monday morning I had to go before the doctor of the depot for his examination at nine o'clock. A corporal took four, besides me, to the hospital, and, after waiting a long time, we were ushered in by a pleasant, pleasant gentleman, with a marked lip when he spoke. He attentively examined us all, telling one of our company that he moved like a crab, and affixed his signature to the number. The next morning we went before the colonel commanding the garrison. We stood in the orderly room and a crowd of non-commissioned officers appeared before him, and he said better to do than to salute the officers' right and left, who were constantly coming in and going out. The sergeant major was very conspicuous, giving the word of command to several luckless defaulters who were going before the colonel to receive their share of punishment. "To the right face!" Quick march!" "Take off your hat!" "Attention!" He was a worthy sergeant-major's mouth as he measured each of the defaulters into the room. The adjutant, a most gentlemanly man, ditted about here and there, giving directions to Sergeant Brownlow, I quickly saw, standing smiling at everything, and looking as if he would like to sing. In a short time after the business on hand had been disposed of, the colonel came into the room, and, addressing Sergeant Brownlow, wanted to know whether he had there any defaulters. The adjutant explained that he came to measure the recruits, and said he understood it well, as added the sergeant, with respectful pride, "I've been on the recruiting service," so the colonel allowed him to proceed. After being measured the colonel signed his name, and after going before two doctors, two colonels, and one adjutant, we were pronounced fit. Major Majeed was there. The colonel is a strict disciplinarian, but a nice-looking man; he has served with distinction in the Crimea, and got wounded there; he is a Scotchman, and will not tolerate law movements in the service. That morning I got my clothes, but they needed some slight alterations; they were ready for putting on in the evening, however. I don't think I should have got them so soon, and I was a little sick. I just remember I never paid. No, I had unfortunately "no change" at the time, and I have never been lucky enough to meet him since! As soon as I was dressed I tapped at the colour-sergeant's door and told him I was dressed, and received one pound! What a magnificent reward! I warned me gently, to do nothing intoxicating, and this I signed my name as a receipt. The colour sergeant is decidedly the nicest-looking man I have yet found—so kind and so agreeable, I think it a real pleasure to obey that man's orders; he is quite a gentleman.

Having put my bonnet, Slatie suggested that I should air my clothes; and that he should show me about. We accordingly went out. I shall not forget how tightly around me my clothes fit, and how the stock round my neck cut my chin. I cut the latter article down, though, next day, full half an inch, and have since enjoyed freedom about the neck. I have worn (I have not washed my hands) dinged-dingled about as if I had a pair of stock-ings on. You are obliged to have chin-strap down, and gloves on in the streets, or else you stand a chance of being taken before the colonel for not being dressed. I have occasionally, when going out, forgotten to have the leather over the face, but the corporal at the gate immediately reminded me of it, by "Shin-strap down, you!" Cannontown contains a great many public-houses; and while we were sitting in one of these, Slatie, who is a grocer, said to me, "How much he was liked in the depot, and that not a more honourable man than himself could be found—in fact, he paid everything that he borrowed—everything, and would I be kind enough to lend him, as he had something to pay that evening the sum of three-and-sixpence?" I lent him, thinking, of course, that such an honourable man as he would be sure to pay his debts, but am obliged to confess that Slatie has forgotten to pay it, and I believe his memory will be always bad about money.

affairs. The next morning I went on parade for the first time. The colour-sergeant examined us to see if we were perfectly clean, and I was pronounced dirty; that is, I had a little speck of dirt on my coat, which would have passed unobserved by nineteen out of twenty persons. The least spot of dirt on a coat or trousers is sufficient to give you two or three days' extra drill, but, as I was a young recruit, I was simply cautioned, and then sent away to the squad which I should have to drill with. I was a corporal with several menials, who had once been a sergeant, but had got reduced through drunkenness, was our instructor, and learnt us the "stand at ease" first. He was a little short-tempered, but after I had seen him some time, I began to like him after all. I had an awkward way of protruding my stomach out, thinking that was the best way to look the soldier, but a few administrative smacks with a small stick made me keep it in of sight.

"Keep that stomach in, and turn the palms of your hands out, Forster," were the constant words. "Now," said the corporal, "at the last sound of the word 'Ease,' you turn your hands so, and when I give the word 'Two,' you bring them down smartly, the right hand sliding over the back of the left, like this. Look up, man—look up. The ground has been sent me for the first time, and I don't think you'll find anything new." Then, after a short pause: "Now look—look at that dashed fool of a man there actually putting his leg to the front!"

Of course some immediately did look round, when the corporal got on to them. "Now, Jones, will you look to your front, and not be spitting and grinning in the ranks like a baboon? And if you don't shut that

And so the corporal went on until we got a little sharper. The third morning after I had got my clothes, I notified my intention to "go sick." I had, from wearing a bad pair of boots, got a sore on my left toe, and this pained me more than I could bear. I therefore determined to be off drill until I got better and could walk well. The hospital is situated in an enclosed piece of ground opposite the north side of the barracks. I waited, as usual, a long time for the doctor, and was at last set down to go into the hospital by the fat doctor. I also had a dose of medicine, which made me feel much worse than I was before. A bad case of dysentery set in, and my legs went upstairs and contemplated myself in the looking glass. I was dressed in a blue

over-coat, a blue waistcoat, and blue trousers, and had on an immense white nightcap, apparently knitted in wool. If I was not ill before, I looked so now. I was put upon spoon diet, which means soup and tea, but I was not satisfied with that, and was given much better, consisting of chops for dinner, and a liberal allowance for breakfast and tea. There is a reading-room attached to the hospital, in which you can read a few old numbers of *Cornhill*, &c. Very few people in the hospital (which will accommodate one hundred) were really in the hospital, even there, than their own fault. An old clergyman used to come nearly every day and speak to us in the most kind manner as if he had never seen us before that very day; he made enquiries what complaint we were labouring under, and when we came in. Each ward contains from eight to ten patients, and has an orderly attached to it. The orderlies are not allowed to attend to the patients, but the orderlies with us seldom did that. He was a most sullen fellow, and nearly always drunk. The doctor comes round every morning and examines each patient. When one is ready to be discharged from the hospital he signs a paper, and the man forthwith goes home. The hospital is very quiet, and when I very imperfectly understood the regulations, the sergeant of the hospital came into the ward and asked if any one of us had got a pipe. I immediately said I had, and gave him it. He told me I must expect to be made a prisoner for having one in my possession, and I was taken to the guard-room afterwards; but this I will explain. The patients in my room were all very quiet, except one, who was an Irishman, and a rabid "Feinian." I used to try to convince this man that Fenianism would collapse shortly, but he argued stoutly that he would live to see the day when the Fenians would bombard London, and the Fenians would be the triumphant people. The O'Donoghue was their president. The doctor discharged me after being a fortnight in the hospital, and I was taken, when I went out, to the guard-room, "for having, contrary to orders, a pipe in my possession." The guardroom is a small dungeon-like place, with a board for a bed, and into this I was shoved by the non-commissioned officer. There were three men there when I got in; three for drunkenness, and the fourth for desertion, and all were singing quite merrily. I had not been here above an hour before I was fetched out by the colour-sergeant of our company, who took me before Captain Moucher. I was consoled by the fact that I was not charged with bayonets. The captain was seated enjoying a pipe, while a companion of his was warning his back before the fire. The captain read the charge, and the colour-sergeant told him I was quite new, and therefore did not understand orders, on which he discharged me. He said, "I shall discharge you, and give an admonishment." But I need not have been there, for the captain's words I have written. On coming out, the sentinels were ordered to fix bayonets, and I was free.

That night I was put into another room, exactly similar to the other in appearance and the next day I performed "orderly man." "Orderly man" has to see that all provisions are on the table. He also washes all dishes, and keeps the room in order. If an officer coming round finds the room dirty, the orderly man is the person who is accounted warrantable. The soldiers in this room were very good, and showed me how to do it. An acting corporal was in charge, a taciturn sort of man, who was open to all tips except when absolutely required to do so. A warm-hearted Welshman, named Evans, has been the man whom I have always looked to for helping me out of my little failings, and well he has done it, too. Another man named Jones (a Welshman also), occupies a bed. He is a pioneer, and one day refused to obey the acting corporal's commands that he should assist to sweep the room. He was forthwith "lugged," i. e. taken to the guard-room, and the next day he was brought before the colonel, was sentenced to two days' cells. The garrison cells are situated near the gymnasium, and the prisoners do short-drill, stonebreaking, and other work of a like nature. The greatest punishment, however, is having all their hair cut off short. Every prisoner, no matter how short his incarceration, has all his hair clipped as short as possible, and this is decidedly the greatest punishment, as it is so much inferior to any one, and much too severe. I have heard of many a one who has got this punishment for slight disobedience desert from the army because they were ashamed to show themselves before their comrades. This man I am writing of takes the "clipping" so much to heart, that I am sure he only wants the opportunity to make himself "scarce." There is a great amount of power put into each non-commissioned officer's hands, and if he has any grudge against a man he uses it accordingly. At the same time, he usually *must* be served.

The next morning I got into another squad, instructed by an Irishman, whose speech I could only understand by the hint of great perseverance. He put us through most of the exercises that the former instructor did, and as I was a little advanced, put me into the front rank (a fit-and-han man). The words he used were mostly "Now, this." To one of our comrades, who was usually a little behind, he said: "Thompson, will you stand straight, and not double yourself up like a lobster!" It's as easy to stand straight as crack'd nut. Attention! Now, Rowe, don't gape about so; do you wish to swallow that officer going by? Look to your front man. When we're get into duty, see if ye'll be looking about then—ye'll get in the rear of the line. I was with this instructor for several days, and in the interim had a "parade." All the soldiers assembled at ten o'clock and "fell in." The officer commanding each company examined attentively each soldier's arms and accoutrements, and having done this, said, "Take close order. March!" And then we were wheeled about right and left, and then the officer quiet time round the square, the colonel the while "taking stock." The company I was in (mostly composed of recruits) I thought marched badly, the colour-sergeant shouting, "Now, then, corporal, keep that man in the ranks. Blow it, Brown, why don't you keep quiet? Show that stomach! Get into step, step will you, Simon? Now, quick, quick, quick, quick, right! Take you time from the big drum. Every time that big drum goes 'bum,' 'bum,' 'bum,' you each put out the left foot." We tried to obey, but it was to no use, and the colonel in a short time dismissed us, evidently disgusted with our efforts to "do" slow time. Drill was continued all day, and we were dismissed two o'clock every day but Sunday. There are several swings about the gymnasium, or

which the recruits amuse themselves until the orders go for falling in. The drill instructors are always there and call out the names, upon which the "name" says, "yes," and the instructor says, "again." Again, ladders, gloves, dumb bells, bars, and everything requisite for strengthening the muscles. We take off our coats and braces, and put on belts. I was first sent to the dumb bells, and did this practice for several days at intervals. One sergeant and two corporals were always with me and instructed. These are all very nice men, especially the sergeant. To one who has not been used to such work, it must be painful. My hands are not better now from the blisters going along that ladder made. Then, climbing up poles and ropes, and still another kind of climbing, and a jumper at a circus, putting every limb into motion. Some of the recruits felt tired, and one of them sat down on a bag of sawdust, but the sergeant quickly got him off with "Now, shall I send you a pillow? I am afraid you are tired." Some of you fellows do, poor fellows. The sergeant tossed his head as if the remainder of the sentence was too big for expression.

The gymnasium closes at three o'clock, and then we have done drill for the day. You, however, have to keep clean your arms, &c., and probably this will take you some hours in the evening, especially if you have to parade in marching-order on the morrow. One day in barracks is so much like another that I can really give no better summary up than that a boy in the morning, who says, "I am all right, you know." On Sunday morning the Catholics parade in side-arms at eight o'clock, and go to chapel. The Protestants at ten o'clock go to the barrack church, which is, in reality, a school-room, and used as such on working days. The officers sit at the upper end of the room, the soldiers in the body. The chaplain to the depot preaches, but his voice is not very high; indeed, the last Sunday, I, seeing the lower end of the room, just as much knew what he had been preaching about as if he had spoken in Greek. The audience do not, as in other churches, rise one after the other, but all rise at once, making a great noise from their side-arms clattering.

I went out one night with the two Welshmen of our room—one of whom I have mentioned as having cells and being cropped close, and, after walking some distance we found we should be late. It was just ten minutes past four when we got in, and we were taken before the sergeant-major, who took our names. The next morning we were brought before the captain of our company by the orderly sergeant. This man was much against us, and stated that we were frequently late, which was an untruth. I explained respectfully to the captain that we had no time to be late, and that we were in the barracks at the same time as the next man, Evans, he said "I shall give you three days to barracks."

Evans said, "I hope not, sir. It will stop my pass."

The orderly sergeant insisted that he was always late, and Evans was obliged to appeal to the colour-sergeant whether it was true. The "colour bloke," as he is called, said Evans was very punctual so no court-martial could be held (the who had been in cell) was sentenced to three days' barracks. The captain probably thought that his hair being cut short condemned him at once. The orderly sergeant, a regular "griffin," is determined to "lag" Evans, so he says, for giving him a liar, and only waits for opportunity. He has acquired a time, which at the above one, once in four months, gets deprived of a pass for ten days or longer, just as he may wish, if he be convicted, and this will explain Evans's anxiety about his "pass," as he wanted to go home about the beginning of April. The additional punishment on top of the main sentence—being quite mad, and has only made him more disgusted than ever at the "service."

It takes a long time to get used to the army. There is no end of regulations. On Saturday all the men are relieved from drill, but have to go on "company duty," that is, two and two, each carrying a box of coals from the coal-shed to the several barrack-rooms. Each barrack-room is allowed two of these boxes of coals, and the quartermaster is very strict. At last, on Sunday until twelve o'clock, when an officer comes round and inspects each soldier's kit, to see that he has everything right. If not, perhaps two days to barracks is your fate. The "two days to barrack" consist in answering your name every half hour, and having an hour's extra drill each evening under the special charge of Sergeant Brown. With these exceptions, there is very little alteration in a soldier's life in barracks.

I must say it, that there are few soldiers here that I could trust; they all will lie and to put it mildly, appropriate whatever they can. I doubt not it is the same in all barracks. The English army, so long as it is constituted as it is, will always remain an army of thieves and blackguards—the scum of the land—only kept under control by the discipline of the bayonet. Every day, once a day, after paying for provisions, rations they are called—and some people wish to increase it. It would do good to a few, but only increase the drunkenness that already prevails to a fearful extent in the many. There are no really intelligent men here, or any that I take a pleasure in conversing with. The cause why a few soldiers are men of letters is that they are sent to the hospitals.

I hope I have described it fully as you wish; but I was afraid of going over the same ground twice, for when you have given one day's experience you have given all.

(From the "Evening Mail.")

WE learn that an atrocious murder was perpetrated in the harbour at an early hour this morning. A German shipwright left his wife and child on board a hulk at West Point, in which they resided, while he went round the ships in harbour to search for employment, according to custom. On his return he found that they had both been murdered by some Chinese scoundrel, the woman having her throat cut and several wounds on the body, while the child had been despatched more expeditiously, having been stabbed to the heart. A second child, quite an infant—was lying in the same bed, and this the villains let untoned.

It appears that Mr Meyer with his wife and two children were living on board the hulk "Richard," lying opposite the Sailors Home; their domestics consisted of Compradore and two boatmen. This morning about 6 the Compradore went to market as usual and shortly after Mr Meyer left the hulk taking his two boatmen and leaving no other person on board.

board but his wife and two children sleeping (as he supposed). It turns out that when he left there was a Chinaman on board who had been there for the past 3 days, being a friend of the boatmen. What followed after is very clear. The friend took a large cooking knife from a box belonging to one of the boat boys, went to the cabin and murdered in the most horrible manner the mother and the eldest child, a 2 year old boy. The infant was spared as there was no fear of it telling tales. The bru then took out all the articles from the box where the money was kept, and found about \$150, which he carried away, but the thing was done in such a hurry that some money was left behind. The comprador returned from the market when the discovery was made. There is no doubt whatever about the murderer; he is well known and was seen on shore this morning immediately after the occurrence.

An inquest is appointed for to-morrow at 11.30.

We learn that the Chinese boy who is supposed to have been the diabolical actor in this tragedy has been secured. We would suggest that instead of being "fined 25 cents" he be mulcted to the extent of half a dollar and that the usual lecture be prolonged to half an hour.

(From the "Evening Mail.")

THE steps taken for the capture of WONG QUI FOOK which, as above stated, have resulted successfully, ought to be made known to the public. The police Authorities as well as their subordinates seem to have acted with great energy and discretion and we have the more pleasure in thus speaking because we have found frequent cause to complain of inefficiency, more especially amongst the colored-members of the force. One or two circumstances however in connexion with the case call for more than passing comment.

It appears that on receiving information from Mr Deputy Superintendent Jarman (to whose efforts the capture is mainly due) that he had an inkling of the whereabouts of the criminal, Captain Quinn immediately made application to the executive for a gunboat in which to go in search to *Tai pong*. This request was however, as we are informed, *refused* on the plea that the Governor was at Macao and that the officer administering in his absence could not take upon himself to request the use of a vessel for such a purpose from the Senior Naval officer! Captain Quinn then applied to Mr Dalziel Superintendent of the P. & O. Company who promptly placed at his disposal the little steamer *Dagon*, in which Messrs Jarman and Daly embarked with some police and two Chinese to identify the murderer. On reaching *Tai pong* they disembarked and proceeded to the village of *Tu ni yang* where, having seized the father of *Wong qui Fook*, they succeeded in making him point out the hiding place of his son, the local mandarins affording them every possible aid and assistance. The shirt of the prisoner has stains of blood upon it, but he has no marks of any struggle on his body.

(From the North China Herald)

It has been well remarked by an able writer in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that "excessive luxury, so closely allied to corruption of morals, is not only a moral but an economical evil." We have around us in our comparatively small European community many illustrations of the truth of this observation. Even in the almost hourly experiences of our everyday life, if we are not guilty of practising excessive luxury, we are made unwilling to suffer from the transgressions of those who do, in the exorbitant rent of our houses and the enormous cost of the necessary articles

of diet, and in the excessive number and high wages of our servants. In the item of house rent, especially, is the evil most apparent. It is calculated by economists that house rent absorbs one-tenth of the income of a tenant or occupant. But in the business part of the British settlement, no house suited for the requirements of a family of a professional man, can be had under a rent of from two to three thousand taels per annum, while for premises suitable for the accommodation of a large mercantile establishment, the amount of rent may be estimated at from double to treble that of the sums above named. When the salaries of assistants, mess expenses, wages of servants and the numerous other household outlays are taken into consideration, the total is a very heavy one. The result is a net profit from business, the non-realization of which must in years of commercial distress, directly consume the resources of even the wealthy merchant, and frequently lead to ruin. Even when the tide of fortune is favorable and prosperous seasons follow each other in pleasing succession which unfortunately they have not done lately, the disproportionate and excessive expenses of conducting business strike directly at, and destroy, that which is the first principle of business to accumulate.

capital. Economy, in instructing as to the functions of capital, shows us that luxury impoverishes communities as well as individuals. Luxury indeed must be regarded simply as the destruction of capital. There is nothing in Shanghai which strikes a corner so much as the sumptuous style of living. Perhaps at first sight it may be necessary and even a little competitive abundance and cheer, and that the wages of servants are, as in India, very trifling; but when he comes to learn the cost of maintaining all this luxury, he may well be appalled at the prospect before him, more especially if his income is small and his family increasing. It is not difficult to trace in this extravagance the beginnings of a decadence, to note many of its injurious influences not only on individuals but on the commercial interests of the community. The origin of our profuse expenditure has been referred, in part at least, to a defective circulating medium, the principal feature of which was the absence of a paper currency. Now, however, the introduction of an overland route is of use in preparing us for the first result—that beautiful but gradual transmutation of the shilling into rupee, the rupee into dollar, and finally, the dollar into tax.

that uncertain mysterious standard of value more familiar to us here in Shanghai, in quantity represented by the paper currency of the bangs, or the exclusive, but convenient, mode of exchange, the "house pay." The true cause of the high expense of living in Shanghai, is to be referred to the circumstance that the expenses of house-keeping in the large hong's are defrayed by the firm. The same cause, we regret to say, is aggravated to a very great degree by the extravagance of our messes. An often too liberal table allows the members of the number of young men previously unaccustomed to such control, and for whom the impulse to unbounded generosity has irresistible charms. It makes little difference to them individually as to the cost, if the cook demands a few dollars increase to his monthly pay, if the waiter and boys insist on an advance for their wages, if the coolies follow suit. It does not matter much to the patron if a judiciously devised scheme is patronized at the bazaar account every month; nor are the butler's visits to the store-room, or the rate of consumption of beer and wine closely investigated. Under a system such as this, it is not surprising that a junior partner, who has to support his household with many perquisites, has in some months of the year been found by his fortunate recipient insufficient for the purpose. But the evil is not only by any means limited in its range, we all suffer in degree and the only remedy open to us is to be sought in a strenuous endeavour on the part of the various classes of the community to reform their style of house-keeping. There is possibility to remedy the state of matters should exist. According to the well known law of political economy, all the necessities of life and the cost of skilled labour should be cheaper now than in the earlier days of European occupation. Yet within our experience during that period, the things have much more than doubled in price. The inquiry this extravagant system inflicts on the community, or on the official, where all the expenses fall on a fixed income, is most serious. Similarly is its influence felt by merchants of comparatively limited means entering on business. In fact, the effect of this false mode of living is severely felt by all classes

of the community. The cost of rent and house-keeping alone in many of our large mercantile firms, amount annually to a sum which has most probably been invested from time to time and which would soon amount to a handsome fortune. The general effect of this profuse expenditure is to force trade. The merchant feels himself obliged to enter into operations on the chance of return, not on the certain basis of calculation. Legitimate business thus inevitably tends towards speculation. This of course spoils the market to the operator. He possesses large capital, and what that affords him, he spends with great ease, he does not form so claimant demand on his resources. In the good old days of China trade, when business was held tightly in the hands of a few wealthy houses, when Supreme Courts had no vocation, when profits were sure, and competition, at its minimum, this luxurious system might do, and was perhaps justified. It could, on the ground that it could afford to, but it could not afford to use other resources for the employment of leisure in so restricted a social circle, except such as were to be derived from the pleasures of the table. These palmy days, however, have been gradually passing away. We are more assimilating the conditions of our daily life to that of other places. The field is wider, the harvest is larger, the number of mouths to be fed, the industry has increased vastly, and it becomes necessary to accommodate our style of living to this altered state of matters. Recent experiences have but too plainly as well as too painfully shewn, that the expenses of conducting business have been disproportionately great; and that the circumstances of a large and increasing class of the general population, demand that the scale of household expenditure should be lowered from the standard to which it has been raised, and during the thoughtless extravagance engendered by many uninterrupted years of prosperity, but which the altered circumstances of the times no longer justify.



(From the Poona Observer.)

The life of the late Sir Janseetjee Jeejeebhoy Bhat, has been published; it was written by one of those who have considered the nature of the task he had to perform before he undertook so great an undertaking.

That the life of so great a man should be handed down to posterity all will agree, but it would have been far better had the gentleman who took up the arduous task of a biographer, have left it to some one more competent than himself to perform. That he done his best no one will deny, and the probability is, that his whole career was in the task he had to perform; that his pleasing task rendered the undertaking, not only by the immense fortune he acquired, but also by his princely acts of benevolence, the good effects of which will be felt in future ages. This Parsee gentleman would no doubt sooner have remained in quietness, than have had his name and fame blown and trumpeted about the world for we cannot for one moment believe that his benevolence proceeded from anything but the innate goodness of his own heart. We therefore can conceive the very great annoyance he must have endured, and the great trouble he must have undergone, in forwarding to him from the various portions of our community in India.

every community in India, and some of the noblest and most successful of its members, have been distinguished by their noble and unselfish acts of charity performed by Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy ; which acts in themselves, must prove to all men that all classes, castes, and communities, alike came under his notice. His purse strings were never strained in one particular instance, when he gave out of his unexpanding hoard to those who most required his aid and assistance. No matter whether they were in favour of or opposed to his doctrines, the alike became the recipients of his bounty. It very seldom happens when men become so immensely rich, and so successful in commercial speculations that they have not thought of the poor and the needy. The riches. He many *millionaires*, are there in the rich Continental cities of Europe who possessing almost unbounded wealth, rarely or ever give away alms to the poor, needy and afflicted. No, their ideas are not so much engrossed in obtaining more and wanting more, as to think of the wants and miseries of their less fortunate brethren. One gentleman, however, an American by birth, has lately given the most munificent sum of money for the benefit of the poor of the City of London, besides various other endowments. In fa-

[illegible]



## Shipping Intelligence.

## ARRIVALS.

Date	VESSEL, AT	FLAG & RIG	Tons	CAPTAIN	FROM	DEPARTED	CARGO	CONSIGNEES OR AGENTS
June 14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice	Adam Scott and Co
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice	Adam Scott and Co
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice	Adam Scott and Co
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice	Adam Scott and Co
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice	Adam Scott and Co
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice	Adam Scott and Co
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice	Adam Scott and Co
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice	Adam Scott and Co
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice	Adam Scott and Co
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice	Adam Scott and Co

## PASSENGERS.

Per Delhi.—For Hongkong, Mrs. Dhanabai, Mrs. Logee, and native female servant, Mrs. P. Shaw, Mrs. and Mrs. Williams, Captain Pydie, Messrs D. U. Patel, and two servants, C. B. Cohn, and servant, Dhanjee Pestonjee, J. Pestonjee, F. Lind, J. Muley, F. Holden, J. Plover, G. A. Moore, H. Hengeli, A. J. Neville, F. C. Corbet, R. McCall, J. Wilson, G. Chel, B. Cannova, Cederlof, J. Gais, A. D. Fovora, Lee Goo, children and two servants, Fok Joo, G. F. Bates, Dr. F. C. Sibbald, Dep. Com. Gen. Phillips, Staff Ass. Sergt. Crad, Don A. Debra and wife, Don V. Harkens and wife, Don Antonio M. Ramos, Kong hee, friends and child, and Will Brn Tenn. For Shanghai, Messrs. Baker, J. Kidney, F. G. Mead, H. H. Westall, E. Z. Holmes, J. Stullie, E. Altkner, Miss E. H. Mead. For Yokohama, Mrs. and Mrs. Dohmen, Mr. Nicholas.

## DEPARTURES.

Date	VESSEL, FROM	FLAG & RIG	Tons	CAPTAIN	DESTINATION	CARGO	DEPARTED BY
June 14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice
14	Ex. Kong.	B. bk.	360	Mann	Saigon	June 4	Rice

## Shipping in China Waters.

## WHAMPOA.

SHIP'S NAME	CAPTAIN	FLAG & RIG	Tons	DATE OF ARRIVAL	CONSIGNEES OR AGENTS	DESTINATION	REMARKS
Amazon	Kramer	D. bk.	406	June 5	Bosman and Co	H. K. & W. dock	
Atina	Watson	B. bk.	523	June 5	Bosman and Co	H. K. & W. dock	
Burton	Watson	B. bk.	523	June 5	Bosman and Co	H. K. & W. dock	
C. J. Henrietta	Tong	D. bk.	1301	June 5	Bosman and Co	H. K. & W. dock	
China	Muller	D. bk.	642	June 5	Bosman and Co	H. K. & W. dock	
China	Muller	D. bk.	642	June 5	Bosman and Co	H. K. & W. dock	
China	Muller	D. bk.	642	June 5	Bosman and Co	H. K. & W. dock	
China	Muller	D. bk.	642	June 5	Bosman and Co	H. K. & W. dock	
China	Muller	D. bk.	642	June 5	Bosman and Co	H. K. & W. dock	

## HANKOW.

SHIP'S NAME	COMMANDER	FLAG & RIG	Tons	BOURD.	CONSIGNEES.
Ark	Lawrence	Hulk	378	London	Dr. Singer and Co
Coulinsville	Lawrence	Hulk	378	London	Dr. Singer and Co
Georgia	Lawrence	Hulk	378	London	Dr. Singer and Co
Highlyer	Lawrence	Hulk	378	London	Dr. Singer and Co
Alin	Lawrence	Hulk	378	London	Dr. Singer and Co
Napoleon	Lawrence	Hulk	378	London	Dr. Singer and Co
Northern Light	Lawrence	Hulk	378	London	Dr. Singer and Co
St. George	Lawrence	Hulk	378	London	Dr. Singer and Co
St. George	Lawrence	Hulk	378	London	Dr. Singer and Co

## YOKOHAMA.

SHIP'S NAME	CAPTAIN	FLAG & RIG	Tons	DATE OF ARRIVAL	CONSIGNEES OR AGENTS	DESTINATION	FROM
Agnes	W. H. H.	B. bk.	160	Aug. 21	Shaw, Cull and Co	Uncertain	London
Challenger	W. H. H.	B. bk.	160	Aug. 21	Shaw, Cull and Co	Uncertain	London
Conference	W. H. H.	B. bk.	160	Aug. 21	Shaw, Cull and Co	Uncertain	London
China	W. H. H.	B. bk.	160	Aug. 21	Shaw, Cull and Co	Uncertain	London
Castell	W. H. H.	B. bk.	160	Aug. 21	Shaw, Cull and Co	Uncertain	London
Norfolk	W. H. H.	B. bk.	160	Aug. 21	Shaw, Cull and Co	Uncertain	London
Phillip	W. H. H.	B. bk.	160	Aug. 21	Shaw, Cull and Co	Uncertain	London
Shafter	W. H. H.	B. bk.	160	Aug. 21	Shaw, Cull and Co	Uncertain	London
Shafter	W. H. H.	B. bk.	160	Aug. 21	Shaw, Cull and Co	Uncertain	London

## HONGKONG.

EXCLUSIVE OF TO-DAY'S ARRIVALS, DEPARTURES AND CLEARANCES.  
C. on Pedlers Wharf—W. on Pedlers Wharf to Gibb's Wharf—P. on Pedlers Wharf to the Military Arsenal—S. on Pedlers Wharf to the Military Arsenal—K. on Kowloon side.

SHIP'S NAME	CAPTAIN	FLAG & RIG	Tons	DATE OF ARRIVAL	CONSIGNEES OR AGENTS	DESTINATION	REMARKS
Antipodes	not yet	Arrived	June 4	Don and Co	Australia	Early	
Antipodes	not yet	Arrived	June 4	Don and Co	Australia	Early	
Antipodes	not yet	Arrived	June 4	Don and Co	Australia	Early	
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## FUHCHAU.

EXCLUSIVE OF TO-DAY'S ARRIVALS, DEPARTURES AND CLEARANCES.  
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Minerva	J. Houston	th. str.	562	June 1	A. Scott and Co	Sing. line
Princess Star	Byratt	th. str.	1341	May 29	Order	Tam. Co.
Princes Home	Drysdale	th. sh.	690	Order	Order	hague line
Princes Home	Dickie	th. sh.	653	May 24	Order	Shanghai
Princes Home	Dickie	th. str.	652	May 24	Order	London
Tamauna	Law	th. str.	135	June 1	M. Matheson and Co	London
Wanderer	Charratt	th. str.	143	June 1	I. M. Customs	Hongkong
Wanderer	Charratt	th. str.	143	June 1	Calcutta Government	Uncertain
Wanderer	Charratt	th. str.	143	June 1	Order	Uncertain
Wanderer	Charratt	th. str.	143	June 1	Order	Shanghai